THE VOICE OF THE PULPIT

TO MEN OF ALL KINDS.

"Nothing and Everything," by th Rev. Edward W. Worthington, of Grace Church, Cleveland, O.

"As having nothing and yet possessing

This text, though written primarily

a general application to all men. It is a paradox or "seemingly contradictory statement," and to analyze and explain a paradox is not an easy thing. There lies, however, in these words of St. Paul a useful at all times, and capable, perhaps, of an unexpected application to

In expounding this text, students of the word have dwelt overmuch upon the blessing which attends the voluntary abandonment of earthly possessions; a sacrifice like that of Barnabas, who, "having land, sold it, and brought the money and laid it at the apostles' feet." Voluntarily poor, yet rich: "as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." This precise blessing is his birth"-in a material age like this, St paratively few ever have great possessions with which they can part for the sake of

the kingdom of heaven. scription "as having nothing" can be said to apply to many people. What Barnabas most men without their exercise or choice. "as having nothing"-that is, nothing beyond the necessities of life. We know that tells us that he had "learned therewith to close they find that they have been able

to feed and clothe their families without incurring debt. It is true of them, just as it was true of the ministry of apostolic days, that beyond the necessities of life successful capitalists, to become so rich that it may, approximately, be said of them that they possess all things. In this single sentence, "As having nothing, and yet possessing all things," St. Paul lets in upon life a beam of heavenly light. He does not commiserate; he says nothing at all

about the misfortune and the hardship of thought and attention away from what a man has not to that which he may secure, no headway, in the accumulation of this all things, and yet possessing nothing? world's goods. St. Paul draws near, takes him by the hand, looks into his anxious countenance and says: "My brother, thou hast so little of things material, that it may be said of thee that thou hast nothing. But, remember, thou mayest secure so much of that which is higher and better, that others will say to thee: 'Thou hast everything.' Receive not the grace of God in vain; build up thy character and make it strong; be gentle and Christlike; be pure and holy; have righteousness in thy household: live in unselfish sacrifice for others; make prayer and fruits of the spirit the object of thy desire; lay hold on these things, and there can be no poverty in thy life. Thus doing, thou shalt be rich indeed: 'as having nothing, and yet possess-

We greatly need to attune our hearts to the music of St. Paul's inspiring maxim. cease deluding ourselves with the empty dreams and vain ambitions of a worldlyminded life. How it calls us away from that which tyrannizes over us to our hurt, and bids us enter the grander feid of spir-Itual achievement.

Child of God, from the world's standpoint thou mayest have nothing; thou, like thy Divine Master, mayest be the poorest of the poor and have not where to lay thy head; yet all the riches of a present heaven are thine, if thou wilt receive them. Keep brightly burning thy lamp of "pray without ceasing:" "put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness;" subdue thy body; make thyself good through the grace of God, and thou shalt be great in the sight of heaven. In the last analysis thou wilt find these to be the true riches: a pure heart; a living, loving and guiding faith; a will in all things atlights in generous and thoughtful sacrifice for others; a voice trained to speak none mand which, through the grace of God, enables one to be the ruler of himself for

As for other kinds of riches, so also for these riches we must toil and strive. Mere longings, indefinite admirations and feeble efforts are absolutely valueless in the great field of spiritual opportunity. We must seek if we would find. It is here that we fail; let us be frank and own it. For this world's goods we toil; but, when it comes to spiritual riches and heavenly treasures, we sit still and wonder why they do not come to us. Oh, brother men, we must compel ourselves to toll more, to work harder, and to make greater sacrifices, in our effort to secure the imperishable rich-

es of a godly life and character. of spiritual acquirement must be literally to accumulate. We must accumulate by adding virtue to virtue. And we must accumulate by ever seeking higher and more perfect developments of each specific vir-

The ambitious financier piles up his investments. "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity. For if these things be in you and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ,"

Heavenly qualities of life and character are not at once acquired in full development. We must "grow in grace;" "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."

In this noble quest, if we are to succeed, we will do well to avail ourselves of every help that lies within our reach. God Himself, the church, the written word, the sacraments-these are to us as hands outstretched to lead and to guide in our

search for spiritual treasure. And now, before we lay this subject down, let us throw the strong emphasis of its application upon the fact that the opportunity which it suggests and offers is not for the few, an elect minority, but for the many. There are those who ap-

pear to doubt this. Men sometimes become depressed over their fruitless struggle for a livelihood, and unconsciously fall into a way of supposing that naught but failure awaits them in every department of life. It is difficult to get them to church, to the

in these sweet and holy words of the apostle: "As having nothing, and yet possessing all things," Dear brother man, awake A SERMON WHICH HAS APPLICATION to the wealth of thy spiritual opportunity. Learn more to prize goodness, virtue, faith, prayer, kindliness, unselfishness These, after all, are the real things of life. If thou hast them, thou art rich. If thou hast them not, thou art poor, as having all things and yet possessing nothing.

But it is very hard, almost impossible to bring the average man to St. Paul's exalted estimate of the things worth having. As has been keenly said: "Our joys and serrows are nearly all connected with the subordinate and perishable things of life." A man loses a few dollars and cries over concerning the Christian ministry, has also it, while, perhaps, this same man is no even troubled over the fearful disaster in volved in his loss of virtue, integrity, truthfulness, purity, faith, spiritua earnestness. A man gains a few dollars and his countenance is wreathed with smiles. Somehow it does not seem to en ter into his reckoning that moral virtues and spiritual excellencies are a more per manent possession, a more abiding endowment, even than "the good things," so called, of this life.

In a material age like this-an age i which, as another has said, "The hand of business reaches for a man in his cradle and claims him from the very moment of not within the reach of many, for com- Paul would doubtless be accounted utterly impractical, visionary and mad should he venture to utter his revolutionary maxim, "As having nothing, and yet possessing all things." But St. Paul was right, and we know it, however much we may resist the present application of his maxim to our-

a man has as what he is. The trouble lies in our persistent effort to content ourselves with a forced and inadequate conviction as to what religion really is. We would make religion a mere appendix to business, a safe ethical code no investments, no to control and guide us in the conduct of fixed income, no reserves to draw upon. It commercial affairs, as if business transwe hear it said as sensibly be claimed that letters and by anyone. Very few persons ever passed that this is an age of money-getting. It re- | words and language are merely for use mains a fact, nevertheless, that most men in the factory, the counting house, the He could trot in any harness a quarter of do not get money to any great extent. A market and the shop. Religion is, indeed, a mile at a 2:50 gait, although he weighed do; a man is foolish to blame himself until is near the divergence of the Big Four SPECIALS IN PLAIDS. it is the daily life of the immortal soul. the spiritual man, in personal contact and communion with the living God.

Suppose you were to take at his word him who calls himself "the practical man." and were to bring him on his dying bed And yet it is possible for these same mul- business maxims and words "alive with the pulsations of the great commercial world without." Doubtless he would look up, smile faintly, and say: "I am through with that now; give me the other part of

Then there is another part of religion? Most surely, yes. When do we not need that other part of religion? We need it now, we will need it to-morrow; we need poverty. With master hand he draws it always. Let us receive it; let us seek it with unremitting earnestness. "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole Behold a man trying hard, but making world and lose his own soul?" As having "Godliness, with contentment, is great

gain;" "as having nothing (if need be), and yet possessing all things." The weary world is moldering to decay, Its glories wane, its pageants fade away In that last sunset when the stars shall fall. May be arise, awakened by Thy call, hee, O Lord, forever to abide In that blest day which has no eventide.

Association.) TRAINING DUCK DECOYS. Stupid Birds, but They Finally Learn

(Copyright, 1896, by Newspaper Sermon

Their Duties. Hamblen Sears, in Harper's Weekly. Many a sportsman of the better sort continues to condemn the practice of shooting game over tame decoys. It would be useless to deny this argument. Frankly in hunting shore bir is, as in hunting other game, is to crawl up on them by sheer sporting skill, and kill them in their own so to speak, with every chance on their side. Shooting over wooden decoys, to sportsmen. The wooden decoys are set out on a point; the flying irds see them, swing above them for first look, and are shot with one barrel as they light, with the other just as they start to fly away. Shooting over tame ducks is simply a much more exciting, vastly more skillful piece of work of the same kind. For a spot where ducks fly constantly these tame birds are not necessary, but on such shot-out ground as Cape Cod they add

greatly to the science of the sport

Henry had a carefully regulated plan for training his decoys, and it was a constant of surprise and interest to me to watch the workings of this peculiar system. When carefully nurtured, the intelliof such a stupid bird as a barnyard nick is something extraordinary. But the training must be constant and daily, and before a bird is fit for decoy work practically two seasons have been consumed The lessons begin and turn on the question his friends to trust him so thoroughly that he could pick them up and put them in his pocket head downward at any tuned to the divine will, as revealed in time, with the certainty that on being re- is at the summit of a pedestal surmount-Jesus Christ; an unselfish nature that de- turned to the ground they would simply ing a square block of granite, is that of a rustle their feathers and shrewdly cock one eye up at him to await the never-failing handful of corn. It has always been a question with me whether he himself had not more of the duck in him than the human eing, for he could imitate duck calls of all kinds in a manner that would not only attract wild game, but would bring the gun to your shoulder as you walked along the shore in his vicinity. One good sportsman, who used to call himself my friend, not only shot (and afterwards paid for) one of Henry's decoys as she stood tied to a rock, but actually lay among the stones of the beach half an hour one early morn-

After bringing these strange waddling pets of his to a maudlin state of tameness. he never failed to set up a most compli cated and continuous series of duck quacks and calls whenever he threw out their food. It was not long, therefore, before the birds associated corn with Henry's extraordinary imitations of duck Bedlam, and as any self-respecting bird is bound to quack vociferously immediately upon see-The object of our toil in this glorious field ing food, it became a consequence quite of spiritual acquirement must be literally within the compass of the duck mind to infer that whenever Henry quacked, corn was near at hand and shortly to be forthcoming. The result was an instantaneous symphony. Consequently, by the end of the summer a duck of reasonably high birth was sure to set up a hysterical song the moment he or she caught the sounds of Henry's voice. Whether Henry actually understood duck language and discussed points of interest with the birds I do not know. At all events, he understood a system which brought forth calls and shricks from every one of his thirty pets whenever he saw fit to put it in operation

ing under the impression that Henry's con-

stant calls came from a flock of birds just

behind the stand.

Having proceeded thus far, it became his next duty to teach the birds to fly-a sufficiently original occupation to filustrate the extensive scope, the many-sided character of Henry's genius. This he practiced gradually with each bird in his barnyard, always appealing to the duck's appetite. He would grasp one of them around the body with both hands, her head meantime pointing outward. Then bending his knees and lowering the neophyte close to the ground. he would rise steadily but swiftly and hurl the bird into the air. Instinctively she put out her wings and circled around the barnyard, descending gradually, and at the same time setting up a most hopeless rack-. et, naturally starting the other twenty-nine, who fancied this was Henry calling

After months of trial and tribulation, with sometimes a broken back and a cenequent duck funeral, the birds grasped he meaning of this peculiar flight; and Henry could then stand behind his barnyard fence and, by throwing up one bird after another, give you and any stray wild ducks flying past the impression that there was a duck Valhalla in the vicinity.

A Matter of Subsequent Detail. Washington Star. "It's going to be a splendid book," said the publisher, with enthusiasm.

"Yes. Hand-made paper, dekeled edges, salf-tone illustrations and a binding that will be a perfect dream. It's going to be :

A CEMETERY FOR HORSES

HOW A TENDER-HEARTED MASSA-CHUSETTS MAN TREATS ANIMALS.

They Receive the Consideration Given Human Beings, and Their Graves Will Have Monuments.

There is a man in Massachusetts who treats his horses with the same consideration they would receive if they were human beings. In life they receive the best of care, and in death they are buried in a private cemetery. This cemetery posesses the distinction of being the only one of the kind in the world. It is the most peculiar form that philanthrophy has yet taken. It promises to prove popular, however, with those who have the interests of the horse at heart, and prefer to remember him as being placed under ground rather than as a roast, steak, or sausage. Benjamin F. Poole, of Rockland, Mass., is the man whose tender heart inspired this unique idea. Neither is he satisfied with the honor that devolves upon the horse in being buried like a person, for he believes that to pay the proper respect to its memory, monuments should be erected. The picture herewith presented shows Mr. Poole's idea as it will look when carried

When it is considered that it requires genuine self sacrifice, these days, to give a horse what might be termed Christian burial, Mr. Poole will be viewed in the selves. True wealth is not so much what light of an equine philanthropist. Five of the horses which have been laid to rest in this oddest of cemeteries are, Mr. Poole believes, worthy of special commendation, The first of these was a Morgan thoroughbred named Dick. In life he weighed 225 | with the hand that had held the candy. pounds and could trot in 2:40. Major, the second, was to the horse world what an honest man is said to be to the human actions were the grand eternal thing, the sphere; Mr. Poole says of him: "He was me on the road when I was driving him.

Kittie, a chestnut mare, ranks No. 3 in the list. She, her owner says, was a horse of whom the ladies were fond. So kind and gentle an animal, he believes, is entitled to all the consideration after death that this one received. The fourth and fifth of the horses Mr. Poole so greatly admired were Fannie and Nellie, a pair of matched driving horses. Each weighed 975 pounds. Fannie died in 1896.

It might be asked, how long did Mr Pcole own these animals to which he gave such tender care. These figures answer the question: Dick, five months; Major, twenty-one years old, fourteen years; Kittie, eighteen years old, twelve years; Fannie, fifteen years old, twelve years; Nellie sixteen years old, fifteen years.

DESIGNS FOR MONUMENTS. By anyone who carefully considers all the facts told, Mr. Poole's charity will be appreciated. It is a fact that a dead horse is often worth more than a living one, for these are the days when horse meat, cleverly disguised, is no stranger to the butcher shop. Every horse that Mr. Poole has buried in his cemetry represents a net loss to him of \$25 to \$100. Regardless of this fact, Mr. Poole hopes, before many months, to be able to mark the resting place of each animal in an appropriate and artistic man-

The designs for the horse monuments are varied in the extreme. Of course, the equestrian statue is the one which is generally favored. There are, however, a number of designs which show that careful thought has been given the subject. For instance, one design represents a horse in an attitude of slumber in his stall, carefully blanketed. while along one side of the blanket, in letters of marble, are the words, "Requiescat in pace." Another is in bas relief upon a block of marble. It represents the open door of a comfortable looking barn, and just inside the door, held by an invisible hand, is seen a measure of oats. Outside, what is supposedly snow seems to be falling. Just about entering the barn, is an old and decrepit horse. Underneath the design are the words, "Home at last."

Perhaps the most unique design of alland that is also in bas relief-is that of a gigantic sheaf of oats. Each separate oat is shown with wonderful clearness. On each side of the sheaf is an inscription. One inscription is, "This variety of oats is what the horse receives after he dies." The second inscription reads, "What may be

looked for in the horse heaven." One designer has evidently been inspired the hereafter. His plan embraces both a statue and a bas relief. The statue, which horse rearing. On the granite block in bold relief is this scene: A meadow or field with the grass growing freely. On the outside of the fence which surrounds the field, stands an aged horse, with his head over the top rail, gazing at the luxuriant pasturage, with feeble imitation of the look that Moses must have given the promised land. Just at the other side of the fence, and looking at the horse in a very coltish manner, is what appears to be a very young horse, to whom life has no sorrows whatever. Underneath the picture are these words: "What death accomplishes for the

OTHER DESIGNS. Another design is of the equestrian statue order, and represents a docktailed horse with the left foreleg raised as if impatiently waiting for the signal to be off and away. This statue surmounts an oblong block of marble. On the side of this block is a figure of a horse apparently in active motion. Above and beneath it are these words, "Man's noblest friend. His

A favorite idea of the designer seems to be that emblem so often chosen for funeral purposes, the horseshoe. One clever artist has placed a giant horseshoe on a pedestal. Upon the pedestal's side he has drawn the cap of a jockey encircled by the variety of whip that all horsemen know so well. Another idea is an ordinary slab of marble on which is cut a horse collar, broken, with the name and age of the horse underneath. In all the plans for the benefit of the horse which the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals has conceived, none have contained evidence of the slightest consideration for the animal after death. This, therefore, is an entirely new departure. The idea of a private cemetery for horses stands alone. So far as known, there is only one man who has ideas approaching those of Mr. Poole. While he has no private cemetery for horses, when a horse that served him faithfully for many years died he had a casket made for it, covered the casket with black broadcloth, placed silver handles thereon, and to the cover attached the austomary name plate, with the name and age of the deceased animal. Then he placed the equine remains in a grave and erected a fence around it. This happened at Penobscot,

The peculiar designs that are cited in this article are the result of an advertisement placed in a leading newspaper, asking for appropriate and competitive designs for a monument for a horse. It is not at all unlikely that several of these will at an early

spect after death in proportion to its telligence and faithfulness. "It is my own idea, I believe." he said to the writer. "Somehow I could not feel right if I didn't know where those horses that worked for PLACE WHERE GENERAL WILLIAM me faithfully so many years were laid to

A SPOILED THANKSGIVING.

Papa had gone upstairs to dress, and mamma and baby had remained downstairs. Grandmamma was there, too, and

thereby hangs a tale. After spilling her milk, breaking a bottle of toothwash, bumping her head and losing one of mamma's side combs, baby toddled into the sitting room and asked imperiously:

"Papa uppa 'tairs." said the typical grandmamma, who is always afraid babies

"Doe papa," said the toddling bundle o troubles, as she started to the stairway, with a piece of horehound candy in one hand, which made frequent trips to her

will learn to talk English.

"No; baby fall; baby mustn't go," said grandmamma, in turn. "W-e-e-ee!" said baby.

"Well, well, go on; only be careful," sai Satisfied, but not astonished, over he easy victory, baby began her laborious as-

cent, still holding tightly to her candy. "He'o, papa," she panted, as she reached the topmost step without accident. But papa was ready to come down, and as baby could not be trusted, and, which was more to be considered, did not want to be trusted, to make the descent alone, papa took her under one arm and started down, two steps at a time, while baby, with a grunted "Deah papa! Ah, ah, deah papa!" patted the father lovingly on his cheek and freshly laundered white bosom,

The shirt was ruined. Somebody must

be punished. Baby was looking into papa's eyes with all the trust, love and innocence in the world, and getting angry at her was out of the question. Mamma was certainly not to blame, and she was at once dismissed from consideration as an object of wrath. Papa-but that wouldn't every other possible candidate for the po sition of scapegoat has been defeated by an overwhelming array of refutation. Grandmamma was in the sitting room, and she had given the baby permission. But grandmamma could not be scolded, and a spell of pouting was all that was in store. So all that Thanksgiving holiday papa pouted at poor old innocent grandmamma, and occasionally dropped hints about babies "being allowed looking glasses and hammers when their grandmammas were about," and about "overindulgence on th part of others besides a child's parents.' In short, papa succeeded in making mamma, grandmamma and himself miserable all through the day that all had anticipated as a treat because "papa would be home all day." Baby didn't care: she ruled her papa with a high hand, as usual and noted no difference.

The next day papa was a little ashamed of himself, but wouldn't admit it. Just to keep himself in the belief that he had had some provocation to warrant his behavior of the day before, he wrote the following and read it to grandmamma, mamma and baby at dinner:

A MYSTERY SOLVED. I once knew a baby, a wonderful baby, As sweet as she ever could be With hair like spun gold, of which poet have told

Since the dawn of eternitee. Her eyes were of azure, her mouth was : Her cheeks were like petals of roses;

Her chin wore a dimple, the daintiest dim-Such as Cupid, in smiling, discloses,

Yet would you believe it? This won derful child With blue eyes and dimples, and curls swinging wild. Did not make a slave of her dear

'Twas the very first instance the world You may question and query till you friends are all weary

To discover the cause of this wonder: For babes you have known, though you've

And well you may think it a blunder. But if you'll just wait till the truth I relate 'Twill all be as clear as the day

Why this bundle of beauty had neglected her duty In bringing "gra'm'ma" 'neath her sway For this is the reason-a splendid one,

granny.

Because of grandmothers the babe hadn't any. -S. W. Gillilan. Coin of the Realm. (Selections from the Norse, by "Ben-Ardys.")

Care gnaws the heart. Words thou never houldst exchange With a witless fool

Voices and virtues The sons of mortals bear In their breasts mingled; No one is so good That no failing attends him. Nor so bad as to be good for nothing, All evils have their measure.

Quarrel not with a worse man; Often the better yields, When the worst strikes, Cattle die. Kindred die. We ourselves also die. But the fair fame

Never dies Of him who has earned it. The disliked seldom hits the moment, This I counsel thee first: That towards thy kin Thou bear thee blameless.

Something great

Is not always to be given. Praise is often for a trifle bought. With half a loaf And a tilted vessel I got myself a comrade. No one gets good from a corpse.

Never, while drunken, quarrel With men of war; Wine steals the wits of many. He should rise early Who another's property or life

Desires to have: Seldom a sluggish wolf Gets prey Or a sleeping man victory. Wealth half depends on energy.

One's own house is best, mall though it be; At home is every one his own master. Bleeding at heart is he For food at every meal tide.

The mind only knows What lies near the heart; That alone is conscious of our affection

Know thy misfortunes; For from a bad man Thou wilt never obtain A return for thy good will. The negro race can be traced back to 2300 B. C., when the Egyptians became acquainted with them through the conquests of their rulers. The origin of the race and their history previous to that time is un-

HENRY HARRISON RESTS.

A Permanent Monament.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 27 .- The old Harrison tomb is to be remodeled. The original drawings for the new construction were completed by L. F. Plympton and H. E. Siter, and have been in the possession of ex-President Benjamin Harrison for several months past, but owing to the campaign and other business matters the work was not begun as soon as contemplated. The new structure costs \$5,000, and is made of rough dressed gray Bedford stone. The interior proper is not to be touched, but the outer part will present a complete change, as at the front will be a concave excavation into the knoll some fifty feet wide and about the same depth, with a stone wall leading to the entrance. The door is to be made of bronze lattice, that a glance at the interior may be made from the outside.

The old tomb, which was built in the latter part of the forties, has for some years been the subject of much comment. It is on the crown of a beautifully sloping knoll, overlooked by the Kentucky hills, from which they are separated by the Ohio river a few hundred feet below. There, with naught to break the silence throughout the entire day but the puff of a steamboat or the shrill shriek of a passing locomotive, in peace and solitude, lies the dust of William Henry Harrison and some twenty-odd members of that illustrious family. From North Bend can be seen a portion of the tomb, as it lies among a few cedars on the pinnacle of the knoll. Ten minutes' walk from this village along the path of the road, past an old log cabin built in 1797. lands the visitor at the secluded spot. It is in plain view of the many steamboats and B. & O. S. W. railroads, is often inquired about by travelers when passing that particular locality.

A SIGHTLY SPOT. The site of the tomb is an excellent one and when completed none in the country will present a more attractive appearance A little trimming of the foliage in the surrounding locality could make the beautiful hill visible both up and down the river for several miles. The grounds were uninclosed by fence or hedge for many years, and

cows roamed at large over the grassy slope. Many scenes near the place have been woven into the history of the country. Here within a few hundred yards is the burial place of John Cleves Symmes, the founder of Cincinnati, and the original owner of all the land between the two Miamis. He was the father-in-law of William Henry Harrison, and prior to his coming to the Northwest, was chief justice of New Jersey and a member of the Colonial Congress. The locality has been the birthplace of more than one distinguished man, and none, perhaps, whose associations are dearer to the hearts of the people of the little hamlet than that of John James Piatt, the poet, whose old home still stands in full view of the tomb on the hill across the valley. A little way down the river remains standing the old Harrison homestead, "Fort Hill," where the boyhood days of ex-President Benjamin Harrison were spent.

THE OLD TOMB. The original tomb was a mere square of brick and stone, raised some two feet above the ground, forming a mound upon which a bed of flowers grew. A few alterations were made some time ago. The dirt and flowerbed were removed and the bricks and stone cemented over the sides and top, forming almost a solid mass of stone. The entrance, a few short steps leading down to the iron door of the tomb, remained about the same, with the doors always tightly locked. One could peep into the vault and see the niche in which reposed the remains of the long-since dead President. There was no marble with chiseled epitaph to tell the story of his wonderful achievements, no tablet with the glorious deeds recorded of his eventful life. It was some time before the Harrison family decided upon what improvement should be made at the tomb, as it was suggested by some that an imposing monument would be more ap-

It was fifty-six years this fall since the country rang with the enthusiastic cry of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," followed by the General being carried to the White House on a wave of popular enthusiasm, until the rejoicing of the Nation turned to woe, for the country mourned the death The cherub enslaved not her dutiful of its hero. He did not die a martyr, but he was a victim to the importunities of his friends and the public. But a month found him President when he passed away, worn out with worry and excitement. He was certainly the people's ideal, for he carried 234 out of the 294 electoral votes cast that

General Harrison is the last of the four illustrous sons of Ohio to receive a suitable monument. Garfield sleeps on the northern shore of Ohio, where the waves of Lake Erie gently murmur their benedictions before a beautiful tomb. Rutherford B. Hayes lies in the cemetery of Fremont under a fine monument, while Ulysses S. Grant's body reposes in a tomb on Riverside Drive in plain view of the thousands continually passing.

MR. BEECHER'S SLAVE SALE. Thrilling Object Lesson on Slavery in Plymouth Pulpit in 1856.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, in Ladies' Home

"The solemn, impressive silence of that vast Plymouth assemblage was absolutely painful as a young woman slowly ascended the stairs leading to the pulpit and sank into a chair by Mr. Beecher's side. Instantly assuming the look and manner of a slave auctioneer he called for bids. 'Look,' he exclaimed, 'at this marketable com-modity-human flesh and blood, like your selves. You see the white blood of her father in her regular features and high, thoughtful brow. Who bids? You will have to pay extra for that white blood, because it is supposed to give intelligence. Stand up, Sarah, Now look at her trim figure and her wavy hair. How much do you bid for them? She is sound in wind and limb. I'll warrant her. Who bids? Her feet and hands -hold them out. Sarah-are small and fine-ly formed. What do you bid for her? She is a Christian woman-I mean, a praying nigger-and that makes her more valuable because it insures her docility and obedience to your wishes. 'Servants obey your masters,' you know. Well, she believes in that doctrine. How much for her? Will you allow this praying woman to be sent back to Richmond to meet the fate for which her father sold her? If not, who bids? Who

The congregation was wrought to the highest pitch of excitement; women grew congregation was wrought to th hysterical, and men were greatly wrought up. Some one near the pulpit laid a banknote at Mr. Beecher's feet. Then the contribution baskets were passed and for half an hour money and jewelry were heaped into them. Women took off their bracelets, brooches and rings and put them in the baskets, and men unfastened their watches and handed them to the ushers. Mr. Beech er's voice, in the tone of an auctioneer, rang out. "In the name of Christ, men and women, how much do you bid?" The people were stirred beyond expression, and one of the congregation arose and said that whatever deficiency (in the price demanded for Sarah) there existed above the collection would be made up by several gentlemen, members of the church. "Then you are free, Barah," cried Mr. Beecher turn Insure your going to put inside of the growth and the sees no forgeting all about it!"

"But what are you going to put inside of these will at an early day be ornaments to the landscape in the growth and the first there going to be anything in their Father's house. When urged to come, they say that they are discouraged and that it is of no use.

The negro race can be traced of these will at an early day be ornaments to the landscape in the growth and the unique to the girl beside him, and the unique to the girl beside h

THE TOMB AT NORTH BEND McCall's Bazaar Patterns

Are the very best made-We have secured the In. dianapolis Agency for these famous Patterns, and have on sale a complete assortment of all styles and sizes. By special arrangement we are able to offer you these excellent patterns that always sell from 20c to 40c, at

10c and 15c each—any two patterns for 25c—none higher—why

We send Patterns postpaid on receipt of price-cash or stamps. Pattern Sheets free of charge to any address. Bazaar Dressmaker's Pattern Books 20c; by mail, 25c Book Sale 1,000 best printed, good paper, heavy cut paper, bound you volumes, by best authors—regular 25c books—on sale at 9c Our assortment of Holiday Books on sale Dec. 1.

Men's Glove Sale 50 dozen Men's Leather Gloves, wool lined, yarn cuffs, worth 50c, on sale this

Dress Goods Reductions

This stock must be reduced-too many fine goods on hand Notice the cuts in prices.

30 pieces 68c and 75c NOVELTIES, reduced to..... Handsome styles of imported goods-actually have been selling as above quoted-newest of this season's styles, at 10 pieces of Imported Boucle FANCY NOVELTIES, 98c grade, all the newest colorings, 40 inches wide, on sale Monday morning at..... 20 Pieces of \$1 to \$1.50 IMPORTED NOVELTIES at 15c

10 Pieces of 50-inch all-Wool \$1.25 Boucles at..... Extra heavy weight goods that you want at this season of the year, new-

All of our finest colored Novelties, Boucles, Bourettes, Damasses, etc.,

est rough weave, black and navy, a great reduction at..... 25C NOVELTY DRESS STUFFS In 50 different colorings, double Brocaded effects REGULAR 49C NOVELTIES.

changeable patterns and imported German all-wool Vigeroux effects, at Double width Plaids, 8c and 121/2c.

Alcazar, neat, small figured

Wool overlap effect Plaids at 25c. Silk and Wool Plaids, 49c and 59c.

At reduced prices. Bargains at 49c. 15c | 59c, 68c, 75c, 89c, \$1 and \$1.50.

NEW BLACK NOVELTIES

SPECIAL CLOAKING BARGAINS. Black Astrakhans \$1.50, \$1.89, \$2.50 and \$2.89. Black Diagonals, \$1 and \$1.50.

Black and Navy Beavers, \$1.25 Broadcloths, 75c, 98c and \$1.50.

Reductions in Cloak Prices

November has been an unseasonable month for Cloakswe have several thousand garments on hand that should have been sold during the past few weeks. Here are prices that will close them all out long before the end of December is in sight.



Capes-upper cape trimmed with small pearl buttons, embroidered with jets and braid-100 to be closed out at \$2.98 100 LADIES' CAPES-Fine quality black wool Cheviot-double capes, upper cape trimmed with beaver straps and rows of small pearl buttons. These Capes are worth 50 PLUSH CAPES-Good quality, fur edged, satin lined. worth \$6.50; reduction price\$3.48 36 PLUSH CAPES -36 inches long, extra quality seal

\$5 CAPES-Ladies' elegant black wool cheviot double

plush, thibet fur edge around collar and down front of cape, very full sweep, a \$15 g arment at\$8.50 ASTRACHAN CAPES- Fine black wool Astrachan, satin lined, 30 inches ong, full sweep, black marten or fur astrachan edge on collar and front of cape—a \$10 garment reduced to......\$6,50

LADIES' BOUCLE JACKETS-Elegant quality, fancy weave, black wool boucles, half silk lined, high stock collars, box fronts, newest sleeves; can't be equaled anywhere for less than \$7.50; our price.....\$4.50 FANCY BOUCLE JACKETS - Caterpillar and rough

weaves, black only, veivet collars, new sleeves, four large fancy buttons, half silk lined, worth \$10; reduced to \$7.50 CHOICE FINEST TWO-TONED FANCY BOUCLE and Astrachan Ladies' Jackets—goods never sold for less than \$15

BARGAINS IN CHILDREN'S JACKETS-Very newest styles-beavers, astrachans, boucles, fancy cloths, all grades, \$1.98 to......\$5.00

CHILDREN'S FUR SETS-\$1 Angora Sets at 50c; \$1.50 Thibet Sets at... 750

Shoe Department Specials LADIES' FRENCH DONGOLA SHOES,

Button or Lace-new Cottage Toes, very easy and perfect fitting-as good as any THE "LENOX" LADIES' SHOE, \$1.95. This shoe is our leader and it is the best value you will find anywhere. Newest styles, 1901 shapes, coin and cottage toes, stock or patent eather trimmings—an entirely up-to-date shoe and every pair war-

ranted to give satisfaction. \$1.75 AND \$2 SHOES AT \$1.19. Odds and ends of lines to be closed out. All sizes between the various lots; great and scarlet, full

Misses' Waterproof Spring Heel Button Shoes at 98c. Ladies' Beaver Warm Slipper, Leath er Soles, at 47c. Ladies' 7-button Melton Overgaiters

MEN'S CORK-SOLE SHOES, \$1.95. Heavy weight, dressy looking, Congress and Lace—a good winter shoe. SPECIAL HOSIERY ITEMS.

Ladies' Heavy Gray Ribbed, Seamless, All-wool Hose at...... Boys' Extra Heavy, Fast Black, sizes, 6 to 10, at..... Infants' All-wool Black, Ribbed Cashmere Hose at.....

grade at

Men's Extra Heavy All-wool, Seamless, Gray Half Hose, 25c

Bargains in Blankets 100 pairs of all-Wool 11-4

Sanitary Blankets at \$3.50 a pair. Weight over 5 pounds to the pair and worth \$5.

All-Wool Blankets, \$2.2 a pair, all colors, gray, white 10-4 size.

Half-Wool gray Blankets 99c a pair, full 10-4 size, heavy weight, worth \$1.50.

Cotton Blankets, 39c a pair, gray and Good Cotton-filled Comforts, \$1. Home-made Comforts, \$1.50.

25c

50c

GREAT UNDERWEAR VALUES. a's Heavy Weight Fleece-. 50c Undershirts at ... en's 38c Scotch Mix Gray aderwear at Men's 75c Natural Gray Wool Underwear at Best values and assortments of La-17c dies' and Children's Underwear.



What Might Have Been Expected. Detroit Free Press. A middle-aged woman entered a Wood ward-avenue car, and finding every seat oc-

stand. Presently another woman arose and offered her seat. "No, thank you," said the woman who was standing. "I will not deprive you of your seat. "But I insist," was the reply. "I am much better able to stand than you are." "What makes you think so?" asked the other woman suspiciously.

Because I am the younger.' The gauntlet was thrown. The older woman did not hesitate to pick it up. "There may be two opinions about that." retorted the angry passenger. "I'm sure anyone can see with half an eye that you are no chicken." The passengers were getting excited and one man said under his breath: Now comes the tug of war.'

Then the woman who had resigned her seat concluded to take it again, but first she sent in another deadly shart: "No, I'm no chicken and don't care to be, but I would rather be a chicken than And she flopped into her seat, which, however, was now occupied by a smart woman who knew when to selze a bone of

The Kansas Satirist on Secession. imporia (Kan.) Gazette. Let's secede. Let's tear loose from the spectability of the corrupt and unsympathetic East. Let's gather to ourselves here in Kansas all our jewels and flounce out of the sisterhood of States. Let's take our doll rags and quit civilization and an-

SAWS AND MILL SUPPLIES. ATKINS E. C.& CO., Manufacturer and repairer of CIRCULAR, CROSS CUT, BAND and all other cupied, hung on a strap and prepared to BELTING, EMERY WHEELS Union Station. SAWS

> SAWS BELTING and EMERY WHEELS SPECIALTIES OF W. B. Barry Saw and Supply Co 122 S. PENN ST. All kinds of Saws repaired

> PHYSICIANS. Dr. Sarah Stockton 227 NORTH DELAWARE STREET.

> Office Hours: 9 to 11 a. m.; 2 to 4 p. in. Tel. 148 DR. REBECCA W. ROGERS, Diseases of Women and Children. OFFICE-19 Marion Block. Office Hours-3 to a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m. Tel. No. 1763. Sundays-4 to 5 p. m., at residence, 209 Broadway. Residence Tel. No. 1621.

DR. C. I. FLETCHER, RESIDENCE-585 North Pennsylvania street. Office Hours—9 to 10 a. m.; 2 to 4 p. m.; 7 to 1 p. m.; 7 to 1

Dr. J. A. Sutcliffe, OFFICE-S East Market street. Hours-3 to 10 a. m.; 2 to 3 p. m.; Sundays excepted. Tele-phone. 341.

Dr. J. E. Anderson